THE SIMPSONS

"Krusty Gets Busted"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER

LISA.....PAMELA HAYDEN*

BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER

SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER

KRUSTY..... .....DAN CASTELLANETA

SIDESHOW BOB.....HARRY SHEARER

BRITTANY.....PAMELA HAYDEN

APU.....HANK AZARIA

EDDY.....HARRY SHEARER

LOU.....HANK AZARIA

POLICE ARTIST.....HARRY SHEARER

WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA

ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER

SCOTT CHRISTIAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

KENT BROCKMAN..... HARRY SHEARER

JUDGE.....DAM CASTELLANETA

REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER

* FOR CAST READING ONLY

MERCHANDISER #1.....HANK AZARIA

MERCHANDISER #2.....PAMELA HAYDEN

MERCHANDISER #3.....HARRY SHEARER

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.....HARRY SHEARER

DEFENSE LAWYER.....HANK AZARIA

DIRECTOR.....HANK AZARIA

JURY FOREPERSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

MERCHANT.....HARRY SHEARER

REPORTER #1.....HARRY SHEARER

REPORTER #2.....HANK AZARIA

REPORTER #3.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

SECURITY GUARD.....

KRUSTY GETS BUSTED

BY

JAY KOGEN & WALLACE WOLODARSKY

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - KRUSTY'S CIRCUS RING

We hear **CIRCUS MUSIC.** A spotlight hits a small clown car which is driving into the ring. KRUSTY THE CLOWN hops out. There is a bleacher full of young CHILDREN, who **CHEER** wildly.

KRUSTY

Hey, kids! Who do you love?

CHILDREN

Krusty!

KRUSTY

How much do you love me?

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart, Lisa and Maggie are sitting on the couch, watching Krusty on TV.

BART/LISA/CHILDREN

With all our hearts!

KRUSTY (O.S.)

What would you do if I went off the air?

BART/LISA/CHILDREN

We'd kill ourselves!

BACK TO CIRCUS RING

SIDESHOW BOB, a Wild-Man-of-Borneo-type who speaks with a slide whistle, enters with an eight year old girl, BRITTANY.

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS SLIDE WHISTLE UP AND DOWN)

KRUSTY

What's that, Sideshow Bob? This is Brittany and today's her birthday?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE UP)

KRUSTY

Well, happy birthday, Brittany. How do you want to celebrate? Do you want me to sing you a birthday song?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

KRUSTY

Or do you want me to shoot Sideshow Bob out of the cannon?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE DOWN)

BACK TO BART AND LISA

LISA/CHILDREN

(CHANTING) The cannon. The cannon.

BART

It's a girl. She'll take the song.

BACK TO STUDIO

BRITTANY

Shoot Sideshow Bob out of the cannon.

KRUSTY

(SHRUGS, TO SIDESHOW BOB) I didn't do it. Sorry Sideshow Bob, but it's her special birthday wish.

BACK TO BART

BART

(LAUGHING) You're doomed, Sideshow Bob.

BACK TO STUDIO

Krusty, Sideshow Bob and Brittany are standing by a large cannon.

KRUSTY

I know we haven't had much luck shooting you out of this cannon, but maybe that's because we haven't used enough gun powder!

Krusty picks up a big can labelled GUN POWDER and pours it liberally into the cannon.

KRUSTY

You think that's enough, Sideshow Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

KRUSTY

Okey-dokey! Well, then climb in.

SIDESHOW BOB

(BLOWS HIS WHISTLE DOWN)

Sideshow Bob climbs into the cannon. Krusty tamps Bob down with a big plunger.

KRUSTY

You comfy in there, Sideshow Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

(BLOWS ECHOING WHISTLE DOWN)

KRUSTY

Brittany, do the honors.

Krusty hands Brittany an oversized sparkler. He picks her up and allows her to light the fuse.

BACK TO BART AND LISA

They look on with expressions of gleeful anticipation. Brittany lights the fuse. There is an unconvincing **EXPLOSION** and a large puff of smoke comes out of the cannon.

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

(WEAK ECHOING SLIDE WHISTLE)

Sideshow Bob crawls out of the cannon. He is sooty and smoky from head to foot. His grass skirt has been replaced by oversized polka-dotted boxer shorts. He takes a few steps and collapses.

KRUSTY

Don't blame me --

Krusty turns to the camera.

KRUSTY/BART/LISA/CHILDREN

I didn't do it!

Everyone **LAUGHS**.

BART

Comedy, thy name is Krusty.

KRUSTY

Hey, kids. It's time for Itchy and

Scratchy.

The ITCHY AND SCRATCHY theme **MUSIC** comes on.

ITCHY AND SCRATCHY CHORUS

"They fight, they bite/they bite and fight and bite/bite, bite, bite/fight, fight, fight/The Itchy and Scratchy Show."

We hear some idyllic **MUSIC:** The opening of the William Tell Overture. Scratchy is asleep in a hammock. PAN to Itchy, who is holding a flaming arrow. He fires it and hits Scratchy in the butt. Scratchy starts to run around as the flames rapidly engulf him.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

Marge enters. Bart and Lisa are **LAUGHING** at the cartoon.

MARGE

Now you kids know the rules. You aren't allowed to watch senseless violence until you've done your homework.

LISA

We've done our homework.

MARGE

Well, okay... enjoy.

Marge picks up the telephone and dials.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

There's a red wall-phone. A light is flashing and a siren is **BLARING.** Homer is eating a donut. He goes to the phone and picks it up.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

(VERY CASUAL) Y'ello.

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

Hello, Homie. I was hoping you could pick up some ice milk on your way home from work.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

(PITIFULLY) Oh, Marge. Can't we have ice cream?

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

Well, okay. I guess it is a special occasion.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

It is?

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

Yes, Patty and Selma are coming over to show us slides from their trip to the Yucatan.

HOMER (INTO PHONE)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

The doorbell **RINGS** and we **HEAR** the front door open.

PATTY (O.S.)

Hello?

SELMA (O.S.)

Yoo hoo! Anybody home?

MARGE (INTO PHONE)

I've got to go, Homer. My sisters are here.

Patty and Selma enter the living room. They each have a stack of four slide carousels in their arms.

MARGE

Oh, eight carousels. We're in for a real treat!

Marge hangs up the phone.

HOMER

SLAPS himself on the forehead.

HOMER

Oh, man.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

SELMA

Bart, will you get the rest of the slides out of the trunk?

Bart **SLAPS** himself on the forehead.

BART

Oh, man.

LISA

I have an announcement to make. I'm going to be bored.

INT. KWIK-E-MART - EARLY EVENING

The only people in the store are APU, the storekeeper, and Krusty the Clown, who is in full make-up and costume and wearing a small black robber's mask over his eyes. Krusty is putting a burrito in the microwave oven. Homer enters and crosses to the freezer case.

APU

(TO HOMER) Hello, steady customer. How are you this evening?

HOMER

How you doin', Apu?

APU

Very good, sir. I located the source of our infestation problem... no back door. The little vermin were crawling in and out of here like they owned the place.

The microwave bell **RINGS**. Krusty removes the steaming burrito and, munching it, crosses to the magazine counter.

HOMER

Yeah, well, I'm thrilled for you, Apu.

Homer reaches the ice cream freezer and peers in with delight.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) Perhaps a little something for the trip back to the cash register.

During the above exchange, Krusty has picked up a copy of Smithsonian Magazine. He reads it and **CHUCKLES**. Homer crosses back to the counter with a gallon of ice cream and an opened ice cream sandwich.

APU

What's the matter, sir? I have never seen you look so unhappy while holding a gallon of ice cream.

HOMER

Well, tonight I have to see a slide show starring my wife's sisters -- or as I call them, "the gruesome twosome."

(CHUCKLES)

Krusty puts the magazine in his pocket and crosses to the counter.

APU

Ah. We have a saying in my country. "Sisters-in-law are like a basket of vipers..."

HOMER

Ain't that the truth.

APU

Wait a minute. I haven't explained to you why they are like a basket of vipers.

HOMER

That's okay. I'm in a hurry.

The Clown has taken out a gun. He is standing directly behind Homer. Apu is giving Homer his change from the ice cream. Homer steps back to exit and steps on the Clown's toe. The Clown starts jumping up and down on one foot.

KRUSTY

Ow, my foot, you lousy, stupid, clumsy....

HOMER

(TURNING AROUND) Sorry, pal...

Homer sees the gun.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS)

Homer **SCREAMS** and dives out of sight behind a chips display.

APU

Oh, no. Here we go again.

KRUSTY

Can the chatter, pal. Just hand over all your money.

APU

Yes, yes I know the procedure. It's not like this is my first robbery. I do work in a convenience store, you know.

Apu hands over the money. Krusty makes a hasty retreat from the store. Apu addresses Homer, who is still hiding.

APU

You can emerge now from my chips. The opportunity to prove yourself a hero is long gone.

Homer **SIGHS** with relief and comes out from behind the chips.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the television. Marge sits on the couch next to Patty and Selma, who share the slide projector's remote control. Bart, wearing a sombrero, Lisa in a serape, and Maggie with a maraca, sit on the floor and watch the slides, totally bored. We see a picture of TWENTY MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN posing in front of a tour bus.

SELMA

This is our group.

PATTY

Mmm-hmm.

Next we see a picture of the tour bus.

SELMA

This was our tour bus.

Next we see Selma eating a taco.

PATTY

This is Selma eating a taco.

Next we see Patty petting a burro.

SELMA

This is Patty petting a burro.

Next up is a picture of Selma lying in bed in her battleaxe underwear and a pointy bra.

PATTY

This is Selma taking a siesta.

BART

Aye carumba!

EXT. KWIK-E-MART - NIGHT

A police car with lights flashing is parked in the middle of the parking lot. Homer is talking to a POLICE SKETCH ARTIST. Apu steps out of the store, talking to police officers LOU and EDDIE. Apu is very upset.

EDDIE

Now just calm down...

APU

(UPSET) I will give a large money order to the man who delivers this fiend's heart to me in an empty coffee can.

The Police Artist draws a sketch.

HOMER

And he had a big nose.

Homer looks at the picture.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No, bigger. And big red hair that came out to... yeah, like that.

POLICE ARTIST

Is this the man?

The Police Artist turns the pad around, revealing a perfect likeness of the clown.

HOMER

Yeah. Wait a minute. I know him. It's the guy from TV.

APU

Ted Koppel?

HOMER

No, no. The clown. My kid's hero... Cruddy... Crummy... Krusty!

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

Everyone is still on the couch. The kids are asleep.

SELMA

This is Patty being carried to the top of the pyramids.

We see FOUR WEARY MEXICANS carrying her.

PATTY

And this is Selma in front of a statue of the Mayan god of sloth.

We see a statue that looks just like Homer.

SELMA

(TO MARGE) Remind you of anyone?

MARGE

(MURMURS) I sure hope Homer's all

right.

INT. KRUSTY'S APARTMENT

Krusty enters. He is still in his make-up and costume.

KRUSTY

(TO HIMSELF) Oh, man. What a day.

He sets his briefcase down and goes to pour himself a drink, which he splashes ever so delicately from a seltzer bottle. He sinks back in his easy chair.

KRUSTY

Aaaaah.

Suddenly a battering ram **BREAKS DOWN** the front door and the SPRINGFIELD SWAT TEAM enters from every window. All the cops stand in the freeze position with their guns pointing at Krusty. POLICE CHIEF WIGGUM enters.

KRUSTY

Hey, hey. What's going on here?

WIGGUM

Krusty the Clown, you are under arrest

for armed robbery.

INT. SPRINGFIELD POLICE STATION

Homer is sitting next to Police Chief Wiggum behind a two-way mirror.

WIGGUM

Ready, Mr. Simpson?

HOMER

Yes, sir.

WIGGUM

(TO FLUNKY) Send in the clowns.

The FLUNKY walks away and moments later FIVE GLUM CLOWNS file in and take their positions. Each clown has a number pinned to his chest. Krusty wears the number 4.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

So, Simpson. Which one is it?

Homer scrutinizes each one carefully and begins to **LAUGH.**

HOMER

(LAUGHING) Well, if the crime is making me laugh, they're all guilty.

WIGGUM

No, which one is the robber?

HOMER

Oh, definitely number... (STARTS LAUGHING AGAIN) Heh heh...

WIGGUM

(STERN) Simpson.

HOMER

Number 4.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PATTY

And so we say a fond adios to our impoverished neighbors to the south.

Barts eyes **SNAP** open. In quick succession, Bart takes all the slide carousels and jams them into their boxes. He packs up the projector and takes down the screen with lightning speed, leaving everything in a neat pile in front of the sisters.

BART

Thank you. Very informative.

MARGE

Gee, Homer's going to be so disappointed that he missed all this.

LISA

Somehow I doubt that.

MARGE

I wonder where he could...

Just then we hear the front door OPEN and Homer enters.

HOMER

Hold onto your seats. You're not gonna believe where I've been tonight!

PATTY

(MUTTERS TO SELMA) You got that right.

HOMER

Okay. I was down at the Kwik-E-Mart minding my own business... (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Oooh oooh, the news.

Homer rushes to the TV and turns on the news. News THEME MUSIC is heard from the television set.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Springfield's number one news team with anchorman Kent Brockman, weather with Kent Brockman, Kent Brockman on sports and Brockman goes to the movies.

Everyone's head turns to the television. On the screen is an attractive man in his forties.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Good evening. I'm Scott Christian. Kent Brockman is off tonight. A daring twilight robbery tonight at a local Kwik-E-Mart...

In a mortise behind his head is a graphic of a hand clutching a bag of money with a dollar sign emblazoned on the front.

HOMER

This is it! This is it!

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

The case took a bizarre twist with the arrest of a popular televison entertainer. His name... right after this commercial message.

A **DUFF BEER COMMERCIAL** comes on.

HOMER

Oh wait. Uh... Bart, maybe you better run off to bed now.

BART

No way, man. I gotta see who it is.

HOMER

Bart, I think maybe you and I need to have a little talk... to kinda... prepare for this --

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

And now more on that robbery. It's Krusty the Clown!

BART

(GASPS) Krusty!

LISA

Oh no!

Maggie's eyes bulge.

HOMER

(MOANS)

BACK TO TV

SCOTT CHRISTIAN

Earlier this evening, the Springfield Swat Team apprehended the TV clown, who appears on a rival station opposite our own Emmy award-winning Hobo Hank.

We see footage of a battering ram **SMASHING** into the exterior of Krusty's house. The Swat Team is swarming over the house. Moments later, Krusty emerges, handcuffed behind his back and looking dour, accompanied by Police Chief Wiggum.

SCOTT CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

And just in... actual footage of the crime taken with the Kwik-E-Mart security camera.

We see black-and-white tape of the crime.

APU

... while carrying a gallon of ice cream.

HOMER

Well, tonight I have to see a slide show starring my wife's sisters -- or as I call them, "the gruesome twosome."

(CHUCKLES)

The scene on TV continues to play under the following dialog.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

PATTY

So...

SELMA

After all these years...

PATTY

... the truth comes out.

Bart is staring at the television in disbelief.

BACK TO TV

Krusty brandishing his gun at Apu.

BART

Krusty, how could you? This violates Krusty Kode of Konduct Rule number eighty-two: Don't steal.

Marge takes Bart to her bosom to comfort.

MARGE

Oh, Bart. I know it looks bad -- very, very bad -- but Krusty will get his day in court and... who knows? Maybe it'll turn out he was innocent all along.

HOMER

Pfft. Yeah, right.

INT. BART'S ROOM - DAY

A depressed Bart is sitting in his Krusty the clown pajamas looking at his Krusty doll. A framed eight-by-ten picture of Krusty hangs by the bed. Bart sadly pulls pulls on a cord on the doll causing a recorded voice to play.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

Buy my cereal! (LAUGHS)

Bart pulls the cord again.

KRUSTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Buy my cereal. (LAUGHS)

Bart does it yet again.

KRUSTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I love you.

BART

I love you too, Krusty.

Bart does it again.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

I didn't do it.

BART

I wish I could believe you.

Bart shuts out the lights and goes to sleep.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ON TV

We see the smiling face of Krusty, on which jail door bars **SLAM** shut with a resounding **CLANG**. We SUPER the title: "KRUSTY GETS BUSTED." Then the subtitle: "THE DAY THE LAUGHTER DIED." The graphic becomes a mortise over the shoulder of newsman KENT BROCKMAN, who addresses the camera.

KENT BROCKMAN

Krusty the Clown, the beloved idol of countless tots, now nothing more than a common alleged criminal. His trial, which begins tomorrow, has taken center ring in a national media circus as children of all ages, from eight to eighty, hang on each new development like so many Rumanian trapeze artists.

During above speech, the covers of the following publications appear in the background including: Timely Magazine with a demonic picture of Krusty. The headline reads "KROOK OF THE YEAR." News Weekly with cover picture of Krusty. Headline reads "RHYMES WITH DASTARD." Today's Guns with a picture of Apu on cover, brandishing a huge handgun. Headline reads 357 MAGNUM-THE CLOWN STOPPER; 'NEXT TIME I'LL BE READY FOR YOU, MR. CLOWN-MAN.'"

KENT BROCKMAN

From his humble beginnings as a street mime in Tupelo, Mississippi...

In the B.G. we see a black-and-white snapshot of a street mime being ignored by old-timers sitting in front of a general store.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Krusty clowned his way to the top of a personal mini-empire --

In B.G. we see Krusty coffee mugs, T-shirts, calendars, sleepwear, etc.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

-- with dozens of endorsements, including his own line of pork products. This may have led to one of television's best-loved bloopers -- Krusty's near-fatal on-air heart attack in 1986.

Some labeled "File Footage" shows Krusty addressing camera. Kids are **CHEERING.**

KRUSTY

Wasn't that a great Itchy and Scratchy cartoon, kids? Well, we've got another one coming right up, but first I got a hankering for some pork products.

CAMERA PANS as Krusty steps behind a little kitchen counter where Sideshow Bob, wearing a chef's hat, is preparing various pork products. In background are packages of KRUSTY brand meats.

KRUSTY

Mmmm. Look! Plump succulent sausage, honey-smoked bacon and glistening, sizzling...(GASPING SOUND)

Krusty begins to have a heart attack. He grabs his chest, falls to the floor and starts rolling around. The kids **LAUGH** and **CHEER** at his antics. The footage ends and we go back to the stone-faced announcer.

KENT BROCKMAN

But a quick triple bypass and a pacemaker later, Krusty returned. However, he was a changed clown. Where his show had been condemned by parents and educators alike as simple-minded TV mayhem...

In B.G. we see various shots of simple-minded TV mayhem, all of it directed against Sideshow Bob.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

This new Krusty devoted a small portion of every show to stamping out sub-literacy in today's anything-for-a-thrill youngsters.

We see Krusty holding "Catcher In The Rye" upside-down. Sideshow Bob is standing alongside with a bucket labeled: Bucket o' books.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Krusty's arrest has sent shock waves through the community, packing its churches, synagogues and mosques with disillusioned citizenry.

We see REVEREND LOVEJOY addressing his congregation.

REV. LOVEJOY

My friends, this is America, where we are taught that a person is innocent until proven guilty... except in this case. Krusty is guilty, guilty as sin. And anyone who's a halfway decent member of our community will join me in a public burning of all merchandise that bears the likeness of that clown prince of corruption, Krusty.

We see Bart in church, looking extremely shocked. Marge comforts him.

KENT BROCKMAN

So is Krusty the Clown about to trade in his baggy pants for the relatively snug uniform of Springfield Penitentiary? We'll find out tomorrow when his trial begins.

In B.G. a mortise of a bowed Krusty expands to fill the screen. He is in prison clothes, without make-up, although his hair style is very similar and his nose is still quite bulbous.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Krusty is getting out of a paddy wagon. We PULL BACK to reveal we are on the courthouse steps. Homer, Bart and Lisa are among the throng of REPORTERS AND BYSTANDERS. Krusty is accompanied by his LAWYER.

REPORTER #1

What kind of gun did you use?

REPORTER #2

Did you have an accomplice?

REPORTER #3

Will you plead insanity?

ON LISA AND BART

BART

Look at him. His clothes are so drab.

LISA

His face is so flesh-colored and sad.

BART

And his feet... they're so small.

Bart pushes through the crowd and ends up in a confrontation with Krusty.

BART

Say it ain't so, Krusty.

Krusty looks at Bart for a moment, then leans in to confer in **WHISPERS** with his lawyer.

LAWYER

My client has no comment at this time.

KRUSTY

I didn't do it!

The reporters and bystanders all burst into derisive **LAUGHTER.** Krusty is yanked into the courthouse.

BART

I believe him.

LISA

Well, you're the only one.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

Krusty the clown, how do you plead?

KRUSTY

I plead guilty, your honor.

The CROWD **BUZZES** to itself. Krusty looks bewildered. Krusty's panicked LAWYER grabs him and whispers forcefully in his ear.

KRUSTY

Uh... I mean, not guilty. Freudian slip, your honor.

WIPE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY stands and addresses the bench.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I would like to call to the stand, Homer J. Simpson.

BART

Don't do it, Dad. Don't do it.

HOMER

Sorry, son. You'll understand one day.

Bart grabs on to Homer's arm.

BART

Please don't do it, don't do it, Dad. He's innocent, I tell you.

Homer gets up and, with Bart still locked on his arm, EXITS FRAME towards the witness stand. A few moments later a Bailiff returns, carrying Bart by the collar, and drops him back in his seat.

INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE ON TV MONITOR

We see the video replay of the robbery up to the point where Homer dives behind the chips display. We PULL OUT to reveal the courtroom spectators, **LAUGHING** at Homer's cowardice.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That was you diving into that display of heavily-salted snack treats?

HOMER

Yes, sir.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Do you recognize the gunman in this courtroom today?

HOMER

Yes, I do.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Will you point him out for us?

HOMER

Okay.

He raises his hand and begins to point.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Bart looks at him pleadingly.

BART'S P.O.V.

Homer hesitates.

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Bart makes a begging gesture.

BART'S P.O.V.

Homer shrugs and points to Krusty. Bart bows his head in disappointment.

BART

Oh, man.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Let the record show that the witness eventually pointed to Krusty the Clown.

The crowd **MURMURS.**

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Marge is piling Lisa's Krusty merchandise (posters, toys, dolls, pens, balls, cups, etc.) into a paper bag.

MARGE

These things are awfully cute. Who'd have guessed they were inspired by an insane criminal genius?

LISA

I admit the evidence points strongly toward Krusty's guilt, but I don't see what the destruction of innocent merchandise accomplishes in the long run.

Marge **MURMURS** and picks up the bag. They exit to the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

Marge and Lisa cross down the hall. Homer emerges from Bart's bedroom pushing a wheelbarrow overflowing with merchandise. Bart follows.

BART

But Dad, you're giving in to mob mentality.

HOMER

Of course, son. I always follow the tide of public sentiment. The way I see it, a lot of people a lot brighter than me have done a lot of thinking on the subject and they've come up with an answer. Don't you see? It saves me the trouble of making a decision on my own.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - SUNSET

We see a scoreboard sign that says "Go Springfield High School Neutrons." Hundreds of people are gathered for the burning. An enormous mountain of Krusty material is in the center of the field. One by one townspeople, including the Simpsons, throw their stuff on the pile.

HOMER

It's good to see Springfield so united.

There is a concession stand filled with Krusty merchandise.

MERCHANT

Right here. Krusty souvenirs. Buy 'em and burn 'em.

The Simpsons dump their loads into the pile just as Reverend Lovejoy steps up to it. The sky is very dark.

REV. LOVEJOY

Good people, I'm so happy you're all here tonight. But please, a few words of caution. We're going to set this pile of evil ablaze, but because these are children's toys the fire will spread quickly, so stand back and try not to inhale the poisonous fumes.

Reverend Lovejoy lights a match and tosses it on the pile. It immediately catches on fire.

CROWD

(IN AWE) Oooh!

WE BEGIN SERIES OF CLOSE UPS

of various townspeople, including DR. MARVIN MONROE, MONTGOMERY BURNS, SMITHERS, MOE, and MRS. KRABAPPEL. Their faces, bathed in the glow of the bonfire, have mesmerized, gleeful expressions.

CLOSE UP

on Bart. His face is bathed in the glow of the bonfire, too. His expression is one of abject horror. After a BEAT his expression changes to one of grim determination.

INT. COURTROOM

Krusty is on the witness stand.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Krusty, would you please turn your attention to Exhibit B, and tell me what you see?

The District Attorney gestures to a table where evidence is displayed, including a stack of photos from the surveillance camera, a stack of betting sheets, and a plaster cast of a huge shoeprint. They are labeled A, B, and C.

KRUSTY

(NERVOUSLY) Which one do you mean?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

The one with the big B on it.

KRUSTY

(PITIFULLY) Uh... uh...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

What's the matter, can't you read?

KRUSTY

(BREAKING DOWN INTO TEARS) No, I can't! I admit it! I can't read or write! I'm totally illiterate! Now are you happy?

A shock wave of **MURMURING** goes through the court.

JUDGE

(TO KRUSTY) I've seen your little show. Can it be that the champion of kiddie literacy can't even read himself? Let the record show that the court is awfully disappointed in Krusty.

KRUSTY

Is it a crime to be illiterate?

District attorney holds up Exhibit B.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

See this, Krusty? This is a 'B'. And this is Exhibit B. Betting slips, obtained by the court, indicating that you have lost substantial sums of money on sports gambling -- (TO COURTROOM) including the games of our own Springfield High School Neutrons.

There is appalled **GASP** from the crowd.

KRUSTY

Is it a crime to bet on sporting events?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Yes, it is.

KRUSTY

Oh.

WIPE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Krusty and his Lawyer are awaiting the verdict.

KRUSTY

I'm doomed. I'm doomed, I'm doomed.

LAWYER

Don't be negative. The longer that jury is out, the better your chances. I've got a good feeling about this.

The JURY re-enters.

LAWYER

Look, they're smiling.

He gives Krusty a thumbs-up sign.

JUDGE

Foreperson, have you reached a verdict?

FOREPERSON

Yes, we have, your honor. We find the defendant, Krusty the Clown, guilty.

LAWYER

(COMPLETELY LOSING HIS COOL) I knew it! This happens to me every time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Maggie and Lisa are watching TV. We hear some **CIRCUS MUSIC.**

ON TV

Sideshow Bob raises his whistle to his lips then hesitates and lowers it to his side.

SIDESHOW BOB

My young friends. For years I have been silent save for the crude glissandos of this primitive wind instrument. But now destiny has thrust me into the center ring. I'd hoped I would never have to speak to you in words, but now as the bard of Stratford on Avon, the late, great, William Shakespeare once said...

Bart enters.

BART

What the hell are you doing, Lis?

LISA

I'm watching the Sideshow Bob Hour.

BART

You'd do that? You'd betray Krusty that way? Lisa, if you...

LISA

(SLAPS BART IN THE FACE) Snap out of it, Bart. Face the facts. All those hours we spent staring at Krusty, we were staring at a crook.

BART

Look, Lisa, I know Krusty's innocent. I don't know how. It's a feeling I have, like when you're up to your elbow in a box of Sugary Krusty Flakes, digging for the glow-in-the-dark dinosaur. You can't find it, but you know it's there, and you keep groping.

LISA

Oh, Bart.

BART

Come on, Lisa. I think I can prove Krusty innocent, but I can't do it on my own. I need your help.

LISA

Why?

BART

(RELUCTANTLY) Because you're smart.

LISA

Wow! You're desperate.

BART

So are you with me?

He extends his hand, palm down. Lisa puts her hand out on top of his.

LISA

I'm with you, brother.

Maggie puts her hand on Lisa's and **SUCKS**.

LISA

So what should we do first?

BART

Visit the scene of the crime.

INT. KWIK-E-MART

Bart and Lisa enter. The door **RINGS**.

APU

Okay, okay. Don't try anything funny. I've got security cameras everywhere and I'm heavily armed.

BART

(TO LISA) Okay, we saw the tape of the robbery. When it started, Krusty was over here, warming a burrito.

They cross to the burrito case and the microwave oven. They look around.

APU

I'm still watching you kids. One false move and you're goners.

BART

Wait a minute. Lisa, look.

Bart points to the microwave oven.

CLOSE UP

on the microwave oven with a sign. "People with pacemakers should stay away from this thing."

BART

(READING) People with pacemakers should stay away from this thing.

LISA

So? Everybody knows that microwave leakage can be hazardous to people with pacemakers.

BART

Come on, Lis. Don't you remember the get-well card we sent to Krusty? It was after his heart attack, when he had a pacemaker put in.

LISA

Oh yeah! Hmmm.

BART

Then he went over here and read Smithsonian Magazine.

Bart picks up the magazine to demonstrate.

APU

Hey, hey. This is not a lending library. If you don't want to buy that magazine, put it down.

Bart puts down the magazine.

LISA

Wait a minute. Krusty can't read.

BART

(CRACKING) Okay! okay! The poor guy can't read! Can't we get off his back?

LISA

No! Don't you get it, Bart? How could Krusty be reading a magazine if he can't read?

BART

Oooh! Clue number two.

LISA

Whoever held up this store knew how to read. Bart, I'm starting to think you're right. Krusty was framed.

BART

Did Krusty have enemies?

LISA

Besides his own clogged arteries?

BART

Yeah. I don't know, but I know someone who would: Krusty's best friend in the world, Sideshow Bob. Come on, let's go.

INT. TV STUDIO

The children are **APPLAUDING.** Sideshow Bob is waving to them. He crosses back to his dressing room.

DIRECTOR

Great show, Sideshow. Switchboards were jammed. The kids love you.

SIDESHOW BOB

Thanks, Ted. That's very gratifying, but I can't help thinking about poor Krusty. (WEEPS).

He exits into his dressing room with his hands over his face, **SOBBING** gently to himself.

INT. SIDESHOW BOB'S DRESSING ROOM

Sideshow Bob is alone. The **SOBBING** grows **LOUDER** as he pulls his hands away from his face. It is lit from underneath in a sinister fashion, and we see he is, in fact, **LAUGHING.**

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIDESHOW BOB'S DRESSING ROOM

Three MERCHANDISERS are gathered around Sideshow Bob, who has his huge bare feet up on his desk.

MERCHANDISER #1

We see your face on ceramic mugs!

MERCHANDISER #2

-- and polyvinyl-chloride keychains!

MERCHANDISER #3

-- and water-action pens!

MERCHANDISER #1

-- and snow domes!

MERCHANDISER #2

And scribble pads!

MERCHANDISER #3

And pillow shams!

MERCHDANDISER #1

Pillow shams?

MERCHANDISER #3

Why not?

SIDESHOW BOB

(PRESSING FINGERS TOGETHER) Excellent, excellent.

There's a **KNOCK** on the door. A SECURITY GUARD sticks his head in.

GUARD

Sideshow Bob, there's some kids here to see you. They say it's important.

SIDESHOW BOB

Tell them to get the hell...

The merchandisers react with startled concern.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

... in here right now. (TO MERCHANDISERS) I love the kids. I just love 'em.

Bart, Lisa and Maggie enter.

BART

Sideshow Bob, could we talk to you... private-like?

MERCHANDISER #1

(GATHERING PAPERS) We can sign these contracts tomorrow. (MAKING JOKE) You can sign your name, eh, Sideshow Bob?

SIDESHOW BOB

No problem.

They all **LAUGH**. The Merchandisers exit. Sideshow Bob removes his feet from the desk.

SIDESHOW BOB

So, what is it, kids?

BART

Well we've been doing a little investigating and it looks to us like Krusty was framed.

SIDESHOW BOB

(NERVOUS) Framed? (WEAK LAUGH) What do you mean?

LISA

Well, the videotape showed that the thief used the microwave oven at the Kwik-E-Mart. Krusty wouldn't go near the thing. Not with his pacemaker.

SIDESHOW BOB

What! How careless of... (RECOVERING) him. But you know Krusty, as much as I love him, never took doctors' orders too seriously. Just between us, he drank like the proverbial fish.

BART

But what about Krusty's Kode of Konduct #2 -- Don't drink like a fish?

SIDESHOW BOB

(SHRUGS) Alas, the man was as hypocritical as he was wacky.

BART

Well, maybe. But, get this, Krusty was illiterate and the guy who robbed the store was <u>reading</u> Smithsonian.

SIDESHOW BOB

Oh, was he? Or was he merely looking at the pictures?

Sideshow Bob takes the copy of Smithsonian off his desk.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

I myself am a well-known fan of the Smithsonian. Its outstanding graphics are a constant delight.

Sideshow Bob shows them a picture of a bear splashing in a stream.

LISA

That's true.

SIDESHOW BOB

Children, this whole sordid affair has been a shock to all of us, but we must get on with our lives. Let's try to remember Krusty not as a hardened criminal, but as that lovable jester who honked his horn and puttered around in his little car.

LISA

(GOING ALONG) And shot you out of a cannon.

SIDESHOW BOB

(BITTERLY) And shot me out of a cannon. Yes, we will never forget that, will we?

Lisa nods in agreement, Maggie sucks in agreement and Bart looks at Sideshow Bob suspiciously.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

I have a show starting in a few minutes. Why don't the three of you join me as my guests? It might be just the balm for your wounded spirits.

LISA

What do you say, Bart?

BART

(RELUCTANTLY) Okay.

LISA

Sounds good, Sideshow Bob.

SIDESHOW BOB

Excellent, excellent.

Sideshow Bob ushers them out of the room. Bart, Lisa and Maggie exit.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) The girl seems convinced, and the one sucking the pacifier, while annoying, is hardly a threat. But the boy -- there's something about him that worries me. Something in his eyes. I think it's time to arrange a little accident.

Sideshow Bob reaches into a desk drawer and takes out a gun. There is a **POP** sound and a bang-flag pops out. Sideshow Bob unscrews the flag and inserts real bullets. He emits an evil **CHUCKLE.**

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - SIDESHOW BILL SHOW

Bart, Lisa and Maggie are in the filled, darkened bleachers. Suddenly **CIRCUS MUSIC** begins.

SIDESHOW BOB CHORUS

Sideshow Bob/He's a man who never stole/Never had a rap sheet/Never on parole/He won't let you down/or get thrown in the can/Won't make you frown/He's a stable Wild Man/He's your friend and idol/Sideshow Bob.

A spotlight hits a circular paper banner which reads, "The Sideshow Bob Cavalcade of Whimsy." Sideshow Bob BURSTS through the banner.

SIDESHOW BOB

Hello, children. Who do you love?

In the bleachers all the children, except Bart, YELL.

LISA/CHILDREN

Sideshow Bob!

LISA (CONT'D)

Come on, Bart. Go with the flow.

SIDESHOW BOB

How much do you love me?

LISA/CHILDREN

With all our hearts!

BART

About a zillionth as much as I love Krusty.

WIDE ANGLE

SIDESHOW BOB

Hello, what's this? Could it be a youngster not having fun? Young Mr. Sourpuss, I challenge thee to a Daffy Duel!

As the kids **CHEER**, Bart looks at Sideshow Bob suspiciously.

CLOSE ON - BART AND LISA

BART

No way, man.

LISA (O.S.)

Come on, Bart. You gotta give Sideshow Bob a chance. He's got big shoes to fill.

PULL IN on Bart. His eyes widen.

LISA'S VOICE

(ECHOING) Big shoes to fill. Big shoes to fill. Big shoes to fill.

We see a hand reach down and **YANK** Bart out of frame.

WIDE ANGLE

With a flourish, Sideshow Bob produces a case which contains his gun and a bottle of seltzer.

SIDESHOW BOB

Choose your weapon.

Bart reaches for the gun. Sideshow Bob **SLAPS** Bart's hand and gives him the seltzer bottle, taking the gun for himself. They square off back-to-back.

SIDESHOW BOB

On the count of ten, turn and fire.

We hear a **DRUM ROLL.**

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

Come on, everybody.

ALL KIDS

One.

Sideshow Bob takes a step. Bart doesn't.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Wait a minute.

ALL KIDS

Two.

Sideshow Bob takes a step. Bart doesn't.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Big shoes to fill.

ALL KIDS

Three.

PULL IN on Bart. We begin a FLASHBACK MONTAGE: A) Sideshow Bob and Krusty both with big floppy shoes clowning around. B) Homer stepping on the robber's big floppy shoe and the robber reacting in pain. C) Krusty being led up the courthouse steps. We PULL IN on his little shoes. D) Closer shot of Homer stepping on floppy shoe. E) Close shot of robber reacting in pain. F) Sideshow Bob in his dressing room with his huge bare feet on the desk.

WIDE ANGLE

ALL KIDS

Nine.

Cheating, Sideshow Bob turns slowly and starts to raise his gun at Bart, who comes out of his flashback.

BART

(OUTRAGED) Hey, <u>you</u> did it!

Bart turns and hurls the seltzer bottle at Sideshow Bob. It hits Sideshow Bob in the head causing his gun to fire wildly. He collapses with a **GROAN**. The kids burst into hysterical **LAUGHTER** and **APPLAUSE**.

LISA

That was a real bullet.

Bart grabs a microphone.

BART

Kids in TV-land, you're being duped.

Krusty didn't rob that store. Sideshow

Bob framed him and I got proof.

LISA

Bart, look out!

Bart turns and sees Sideshow Bob coming at him menacingly. Bart grabs a mallet from a nearby carnival game and **SMACKS** Sideshow Bob on the tip of one of his shoes. Sideshow Bob reacts just as he did in the Kwik-E-Mart.

SIDESHOW BOB

Ow, my foot, you lousy, stupid,

clumsy...

BART

See that? Krusty had little feet, like

all good-hearted people.

Bart smashes Sideshow Bob on his other foot.

BART (CONT'D)

Sideshow Bob's got big ugly feet.

Bart smashes Sideshow Bob on his other foot again.

NEW ANGLE

We PULL OUT to reveal Police Chief Wiggum, Eddie and Lou watching the show at the police station.

LOU

The kid's right.

EDDIE

How did we miss that?

WIGGUM

Get down to that studio!

They zip out of the office.

WIPE TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STATION

The police are leading a handcuffed Sideshow Bob into a paddywagon as Bart, Lisa and Maggie look on along with the kids from the audience.

SIDESHOW BOB

Yes, I admit it. I hated him. His hackneyed shenanigans robbed me of my dignity for years. I played the buffoon while he squandered a fortune on his vulgar appetites. That's why I framed Krusty, and I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for those meddling kids.

Bart **LAUGHS.**

BART

Take him away, boys.

The kids **CHEER.** The **CHEERING** continues as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

The Simpsons and Krusty, who is in full make-up and costume, emerge from the jailhouse to the **CHEERS** of the CROWD and MEDIA.

WIGGUM

We made a terrible, terrible mistake.

Uh... it won't happen again.

KRUSTY

It better not, you dimwit. The important thing is that I regained the trust of the children, but there was one boy who trusted me all along.

Bart?

Bart steps forward.

BART

Yes, sir.

KRUSTY

Thank you.

They shake hands. We see flashes, hear a **CLICK** and

FREEZE FRAME

on Krusty shaking Bart's hand.

MATCH CUT TO:

A black-and-white picture of the scene autographed in crude, misshapen letters, "Thanks, Krusty".

NEW ANGLE

The picture is hanging on the wall in Bart's bedroom.

BART

(READING) "Thanks, Krusty".

LISA

At least he learned to write.

BART

Yeah, leave it to Krusty to put his time in prison to good use.

As Bart smiles at the photo of his hero, we

FADE OUT.

THE END